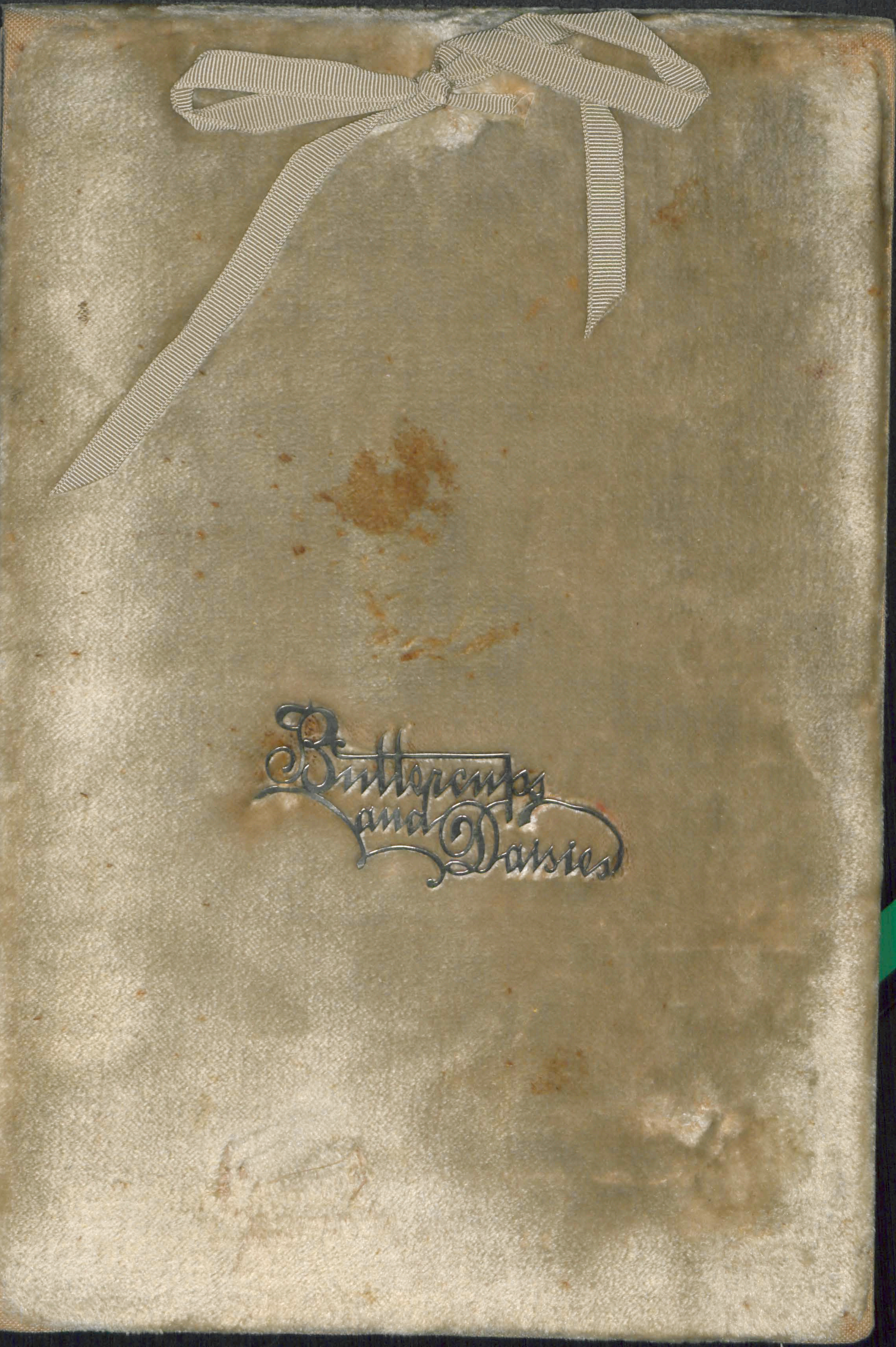
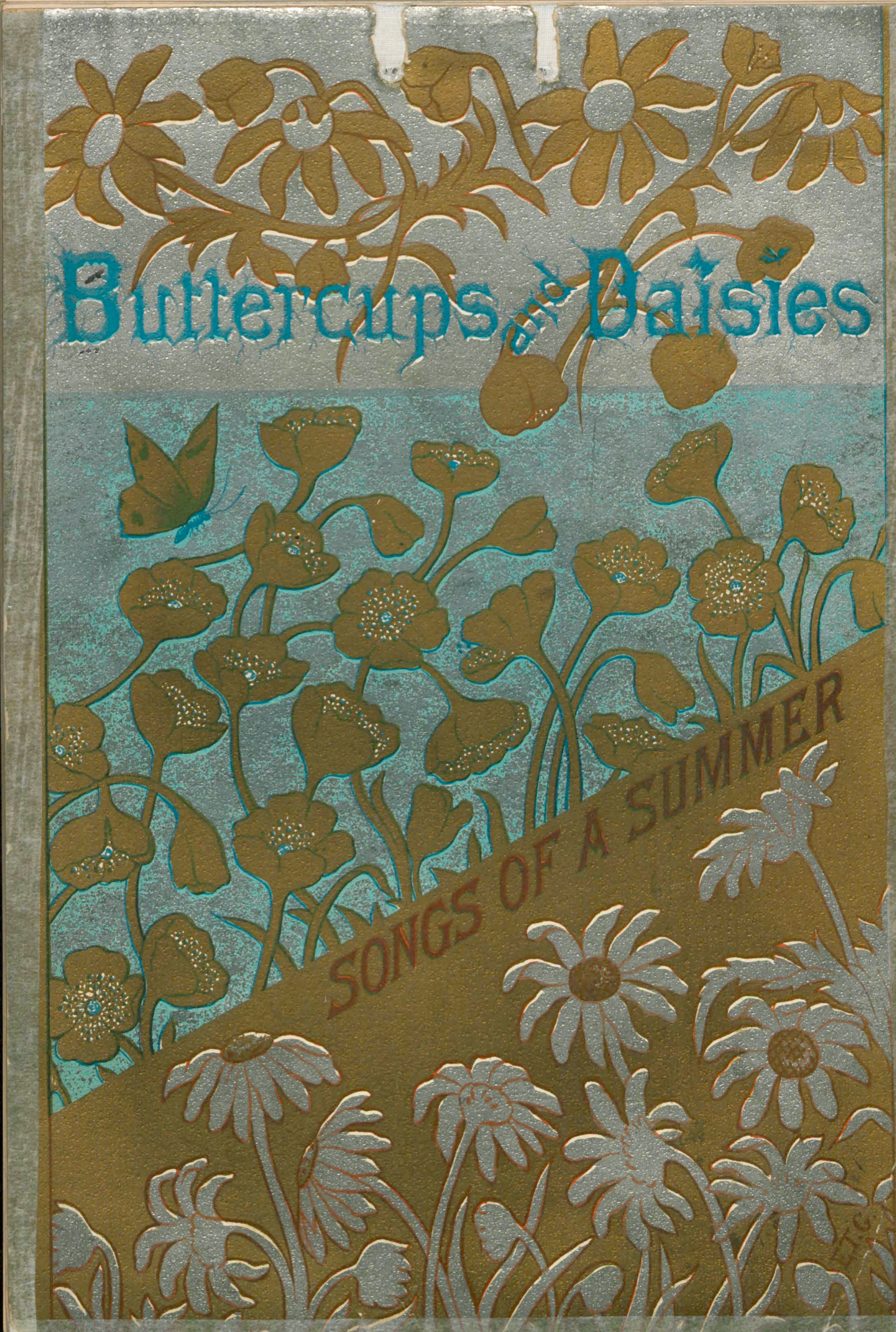


Buttercups and Daisies



Buttercups and Daisies

SONGS OF A SUMMER

Maryland
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1884
FOLIO

Buttercups and Daisies.

SONGS OF A SUMMER

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

E. T. G.

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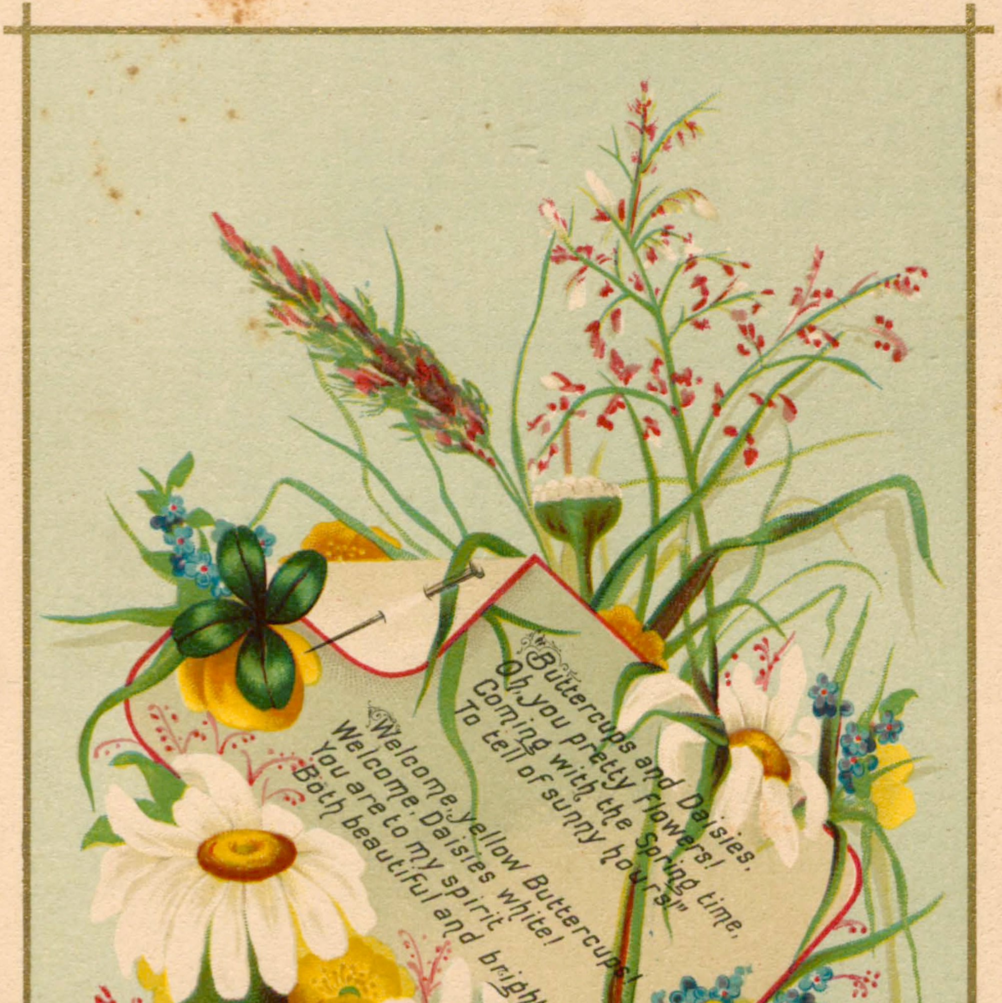
Dedicatory.

The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angel's wings.

Voices of the Night. *Longfellow.*

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain;
Often by illusions cheated
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He by toil and self denial,
To the highest shall attain.

Masque of Pandora. *Longfellow.*



"Buttercups and Daisies,
Oh, you pretty flowers!
Coming with the Spring time,
To tell of sunny hours."

"Welcome, yellow Buttercups!
Welcome, Daisies white!
You are to my spirit
Both beautiful and bright."

Buttercups.

Oh, saucy little Buttercups,
Upon your yellow faces
I see a world of happiness,
Which youth alone embraces.

You bring to mind a tiny elf,
With locks of golden yellow,
And eyes of merry chestnut brown.
A rougish little fellow!

Again I clasp his tiny hand
Filled full of meadow grasses,
With Daisies and Forget-me-nots,
For happy lads and lassies;

And in the other, wet with dew,
Held fast as miser's treasure,
Are Buttercups, for "Mamma's" chin,
Her love of wealth to measure.

Again I feel his dainty kiss
And hear his shout of laughter,
When "Mamma's" chin reflects the gold
Which shall be hers hereafter.

Poor, paltry pelf. Ah, Buttercups,
Your gold, undimmed by weeping,
Outweighs to-day all worldly wealth,
Which sordid hearts are keeping.

You hold a charm wealth cannot buy,
You gild this world of sorrow
With baby smiles and baby wiles,
Though they be gone to-morrow.

What, though he is a bearded man
With locks of tawny yellow?
From out the Past, sweet Buttercups,
He comes, a little fellow!

Earth's Wedding,

Our sweet brown Earth is a bride to-day
   Her lover bold? 'Tis the Sun!
In the mighty tones of a midnight storm
   He shouted—"Make way! I come!"
Long months have passed, since with white lips mute,
   And pale face turned to the sky,
Her bare arms stretched to the wind and rain,
   She has waited his coming nigh.
To-day has shown her his heart of gold,
   And snapped her bonds in twain,
The brooks leap forth, and the South-wind cries,
   "Earth's lover has come again!"

Heralds of summer proclaim the day,
   And virgins, in snowy white,
Swing jewelled censers of rare perfume
   Along his path of light!

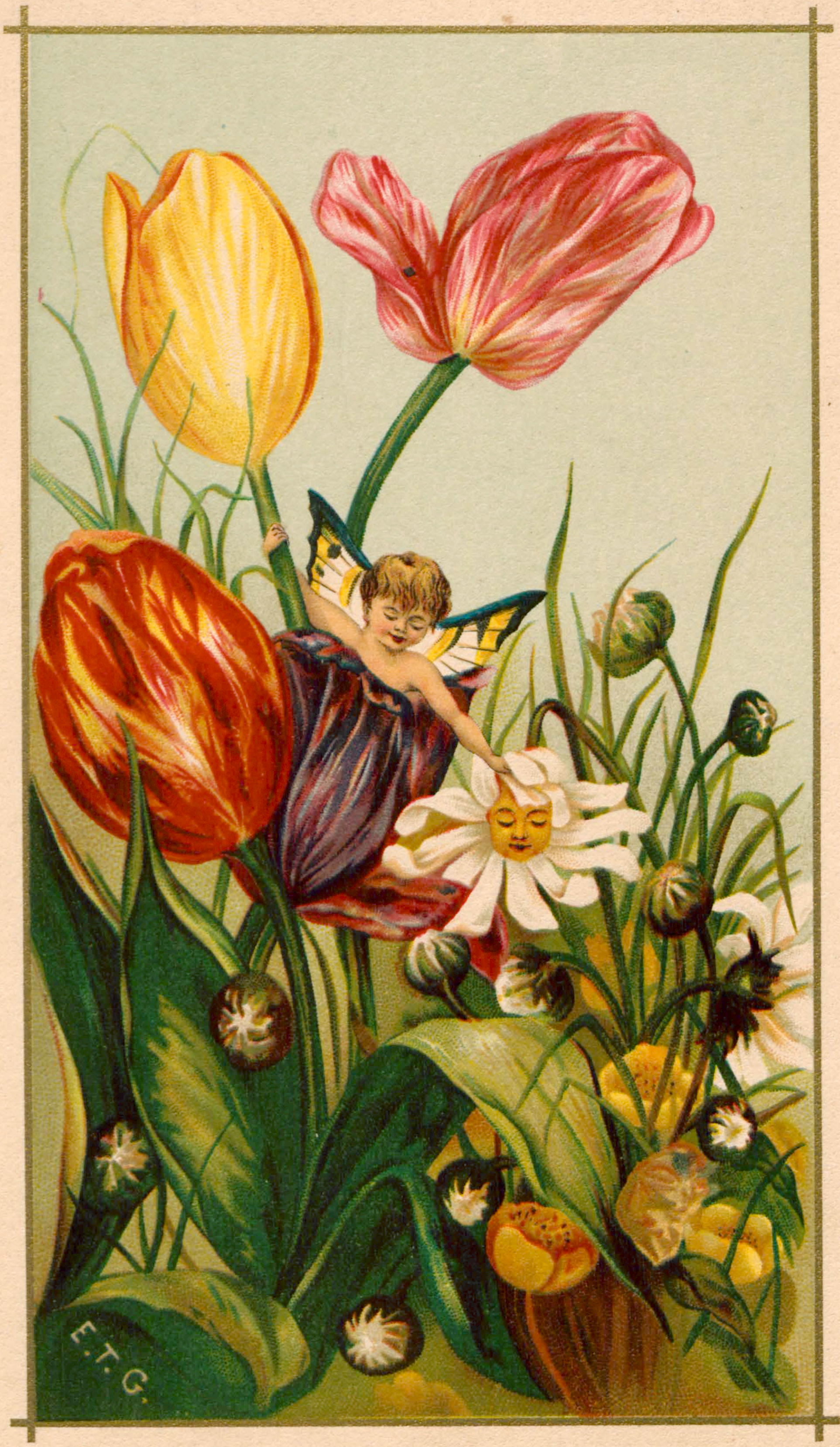
Plumèd singers from out the wood,
—Fair choristers in the throng—
With sweet hozannas, and glad amens,
Fill the whole world with song!

There are scents and sounds of a thousand things,
Which only to weddings belong,
From the first sweet breath of arbutus flowers,
To the wood-robin's cheery song!
The gnarlèd boughs of the apple trees
Fill their rosy cups with wine,
Which the breezes toss, in delirious joy,
At the feet of Father Time!

Oh, would you could see—with your city eyes—
The robe of this fair Queen
And the garlands, woven by April showers,
Of white and pink and green!
Its shimmering folds are 'broidered o'er
With tracings of purest gold,
Bud and blossom, in full relief,
As the High Priest's was of old!

A girdle of Jonquils is round her waist,
Clasped close by violets sweet,
And fringes of Valley-Lilies swing
Their silvery bells at her feet.

A misty veil from the far off hills
Hangs over her radiant face,
Which only a lover's hand should lift,
For a lover's kiss give place!


E.T.G.

Waking the Daisy

All hail to thee, sleepy-eyed Daisy!
The long night of Winter is gone;
'Tis only the old and the lazy
Who linger thus after the dawn!

Dame March has been shaking thy cradle,
And Bobolink calling thy name,
While Daffodil, gay in his jacket,
And Snowdrop, are doing the same.

A bevy of gentle wild flowers
Now gladden the Earth with their grace,
And April, with sweetest of showers,
Has freshened her beautiful face!

'Tis May-day! Why then dost thou tarry?
Thou surely belong'st to the Spring!
And lovers, forbidden to marry,
Their troubles to thee ever bring!

Wake up, sleepy Daisy, I pray thee!
For 'ere thou can'st fashion a dress,
Queen Rose will be out in the Garden
Thyself in her service to press.

Then loiter not Sweetest, my Daisy,
Ope' quickly thy brown golden eye;
The Meadow-Lark sings of thy coming,
And Robin makes loyal reply!

Ah, Daisy! my sleepy-eyed beauty,
'Tis well thou art waking at last,
For Tulips take ever Love's forfeit—
A kiss for the present and past!

Children of the Sun.

Fling open the portals of Summer!
For, blindly groping their way,
Are myriads of flower-buds coming
To answer the call of May!

Coming to greet the sunshine,
Coming to gladden the Earth,
A million of rose-buds and lilies
Hurrying forward to birth!

Ringing the sweetest of changes
On bells of a chiming so fine,
That only the angels can hear them
With senses and feeling divine!

Groping, and climbing, and clinging,
With fingers so close to her heart,
That Mother Earth, weary of coaxing,
Bids all the dear children depart.

Content, so she hold but one fibre
   Safe down in her dear loving breast,
To see them turn upward their faces
   To him who has broken their rest.

His kisses lie warm on her bosom,
   She thrills with his latest caress;
Ah, Love! thou hast ever the power
   In darkest of moments to bless!

Summer Thyme and Clover.

Of all the bonny birds which Spring
  Calls forth with Lark and Plover,
The sweetest wake in beds of Thyme
  And blooming fields of Clover!

They mind me of a sunny spot,
  Where Maple boughs bend over,
And shake their laughing shadows down
  To dance amid the Clover!

'Twas there, with drowsy hum, the bees
  Delighted loved to hover,
Or, droning through the sultry air,
  Fell fast asleep in Clover!

Not far away a tiny brook
  Crept out from under cover,
And, glancing shyly, went its way
  With songs for Thyme and Clover!

But further on the waters grew
Into a dashing rover,
And wooed the Lilies, tall and fair,
As once he wooed the Clover!

Ah, bonny Brook and scented Thyme,
A little maid and lover
Dreamed out the sweetest dreams of life
With you among the Clover!

Sad years have come and gone since then.
And Love's young dream is over;
The Brook still wooes the Lilies fair—
But faded is the Clover!

Fair Month of June.

The hills are white,
Oh, Summer-time!
With snowy Ox-eyed Daisies,
And Buttercup,
With dew filled up,
Her golden vase upraises.

The year moves on,
Oh, Summer-time!
Life's joys are now the fleetest;
And 'neath thy moon,
Fair month of June,
Are lover's vows the sweetest.

Love's Message
E.T.G

Love's Message.

Oh, sweet June Roses,
Softly blow
Your breath with perfume laden,
Across the vale,
Where, tall and pale,
Smiles sad a love-lorn maiden.

Oh, sweet June Roses,
Say to her,
With kisses soft and tender,
That, though he stray,
Love will one day
His truest homage render!

And, sweet June Roses,
For her sake,
All crimson buds, when blowing,
Twixt you and me
A pledge shall be
Of perfect Love's own showing.

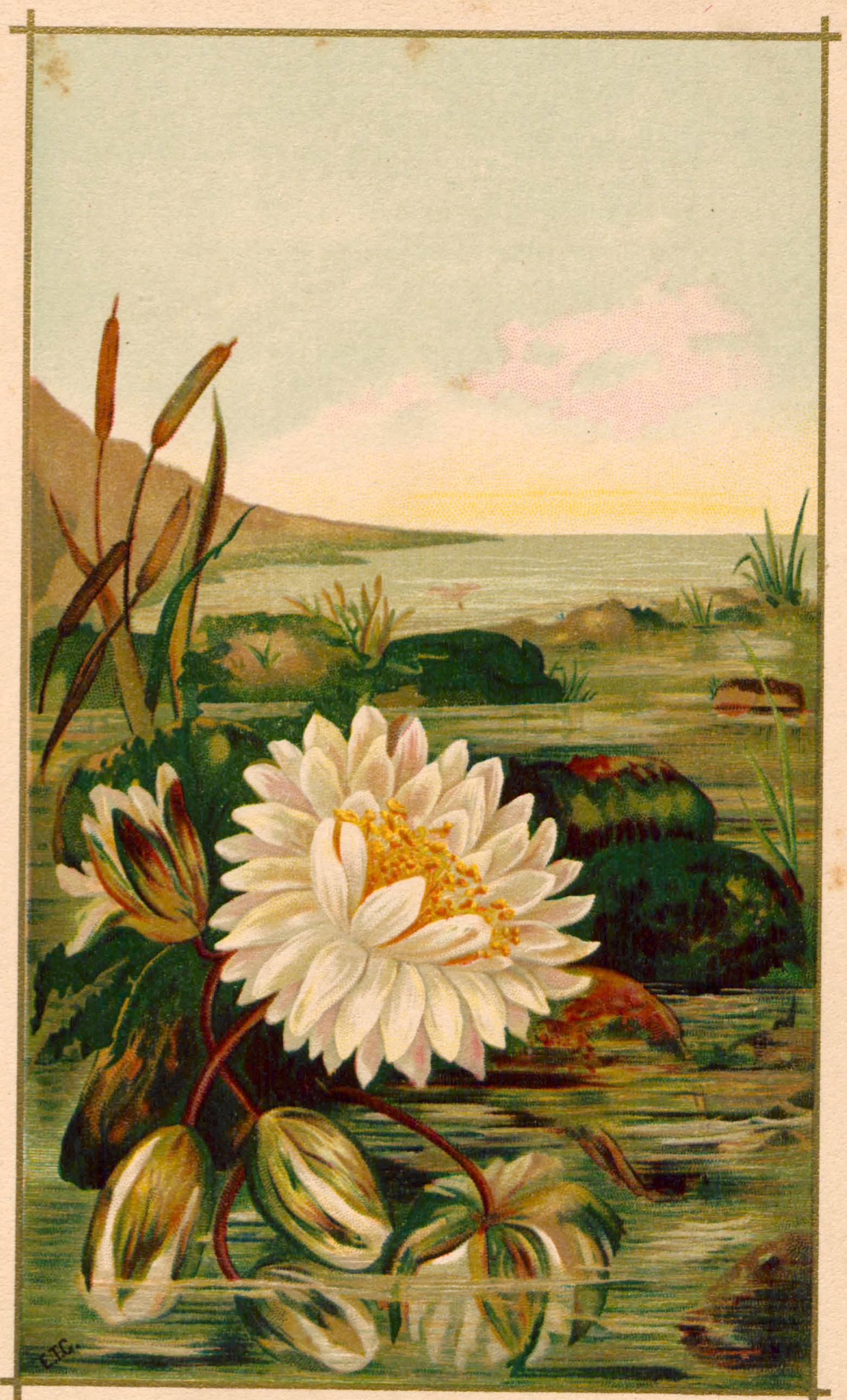
Mid-Summer.

July's sultry sun doth beat
June's sweet roses to my feet;
But the Lilies, fair and cool,
Stately stand within the pool,
Ringing all their silvery bells,
'Till the torrid ether tells,
How the harvest draweth near
Of another perfect year!

Wheat and rye and oats and corn,
Ripened, woo the reaper's horn,
Where the Clover bends its head
O'er the Daisy's grass-grown bed,
And for many a weary mile
Buttercup now fails to smile!
Only fragrant Lilies wait
At the Summer's golden gate!

August Noon.

Oh, burning heat!
No City's street
Shall tempt my feet to roam;
Right here I'll lie,
Cool waters by,
Though far from friends and home,
My soul, awake,
Its thirst shall slake,
Where Water-Lilies drift,
And hills, most fair,
Through purest air
Their frontlets ever lift!


E.T.C.

Waiting.

How shall I know of thy coming,
My Beautiful! My Fate!
As, adrift with the Water-Lilies,
I idly dream and wait?

Wilt thou come to my soul, Beloved,
As the subtle rich perfume,
Of the passionate Water-Lilies,
Floats to the heart of noon?

Wilt thou come, as the rhythmic pulsing
Of a strange resistless tide?
Wilt thou tear me from the Lilies,
And bind me to thy side?

Oh, Queen of my long fair Summer,
My Beautiful! My Fate!
Adrift with the Water-Lilies,
I idly dream and wait!

Au Revoir!

Oh, glad bright Summer! On yon hills,
I see the Autumn flame.
And in my ear the cricket trills
His melancholy strain!

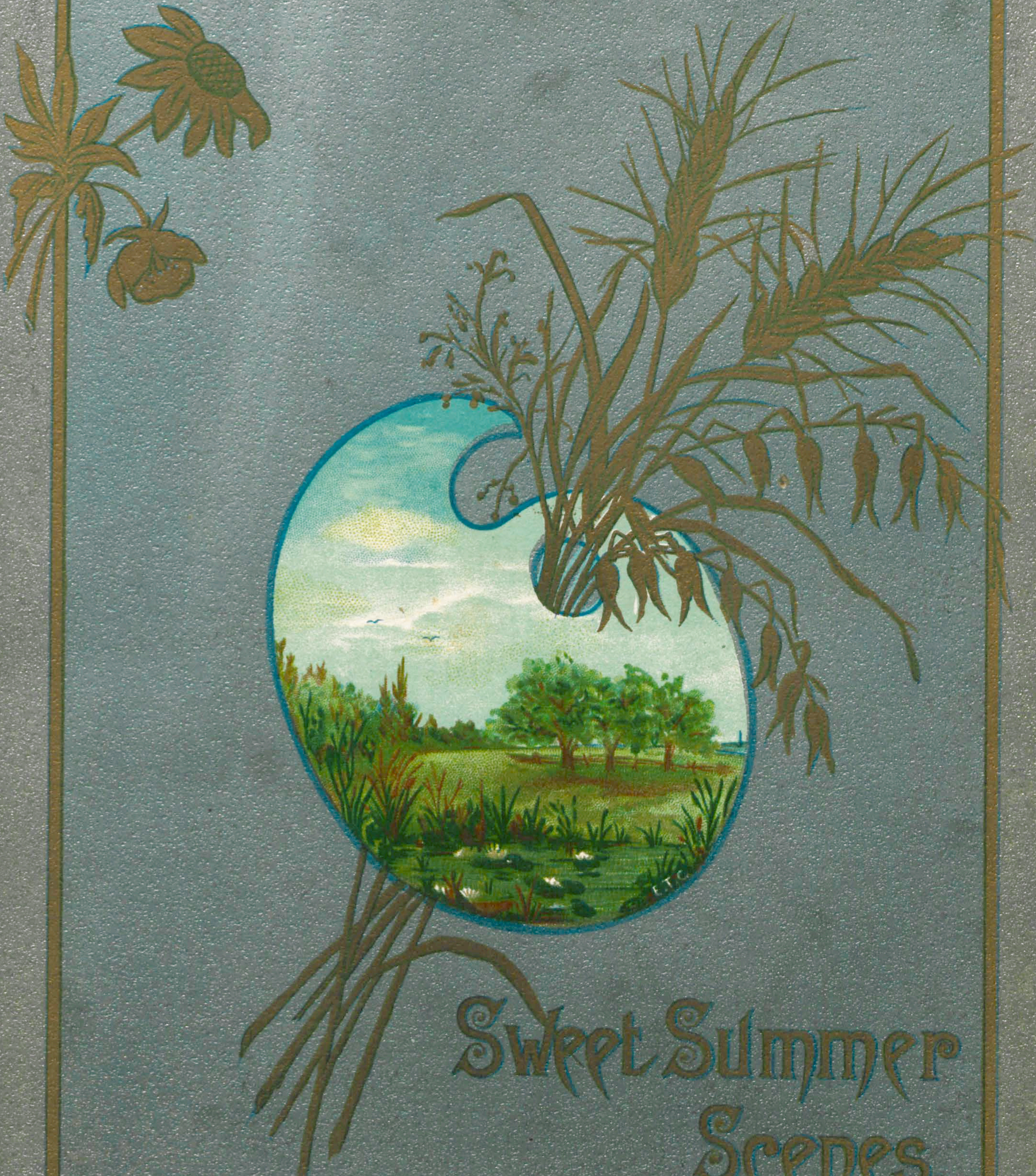
The heavens have lost their tender blue,
The air its rich perfume,
Oh, Summer, are thy days so few,
Thy going hence so soon?

Thy coming brought me such delight.
Such tender hopes and fears.
If go thou must, flit forth at night,
I am too glad for tears!

Beside me blooms the Golden-rod,
The red, red Rose is dead;
And tired Lilies weary lie
Upon their leaf-strewn bed.

But this is what they seem to say:
"Sweet-heart, we'll come again,
When wintry winds have blown away
The dead leaves and the rain!"

So, I will watching wait for thee,
And say this o'er and o'er:
"Such happy days must come again!
Sweet Summer, Au Revoir!"



Sweet Summer Scenes.

Au revoir!